Come, come along,
Lets dye with honor, our ſhame doth laſt too long.

Exit omnes

Enter Piſtoll, the French man, and the boy.

Piſt. Eyld cur, eyld cur.
French. O Monſieur, ie vou en pree aues petie de moy.
Piſt. Moy ſhall not ſerue, I will haue forty moys.
Boy, aske his name.
Boy. Comant ettes v ous apelles?
Fren. Monſieur Fer.
Boy. He ſayes his name is maſter Fer.
Piſt. Ile Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him,
Boy diſcuſſe the ſame in French.
Boy. Sir I do not know whats French for Fer, ferite, and ferke.
Piſt. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.
Boy Feate, vou preat, ill voulles couple votre gorge.
Piſt. Onye ma foy couple la gorge,
Vnleſſe thou giue to me egregious ranſome, dye.

One point of a fox.

Fren. Qui dit ill monſieur,
Ill ditye ſi vou ny vouly pa domy luy.
Boy. La gran ranſome, ill voutueres.
Fren. O ie vous en pri petit gentelhome, parle
A cee, gran Captaine, pour auez mercie
A moy, ey iee donerees pour mon ranſome
Cinquante ocios. Ie ſuyes vngentelhome de France.
Piſt. What ſayes he boy?
Boy. Marry ſir he ſayes he is a gentleman of a great
Houſe of France, and for his ranſome,
He will giue you 500. Crownes.
Piſt. My fury ſhall abate,
And I the Crownes will take,
And as I ſucke blood, I will ſome mercie ſhew.

Folow

Follow me cur.

Enter the King, his

King. What the French re
Yet als not done, the French k
Ex. The Duke of Yorke con
Kin. Liues he good vnkle, tw
Twice vp againe:
From helmet to the ſpur, all bl
Exe. In which array, braue
Larding the plaines, and by hi
Yoake-fellow to his honour-
The Noble Earle of Suffolke
Suffolke firſt dyed, and Yorke
Comes to him where in blood
And takes him by the beard, k
That bloudily did yawne vpo
And cryed alowd, tarry deere
My ſoule ſhall thine keepe co
Tarry deere ſoule awhile, ther
And in this glorious and well
We kept togither in our Chiu
Vpon theſe words I came and
He tooke me by the hand, ſaid
Commend my ſeruice to my S
So did he turne, and ouer Suf
He threw his wounded arme,
With blood he ſealed. An arg
Of neuer-ending loue.
The pretty and ſweete manne
Forc'd thoſe waters from me,
But I had not ſo much of man
But all my mother came into
And gaue me vp to teares.
Kin. I blame you not: for
I muſt conuert to teares.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22291) LONDON, 1608 [1619] NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute